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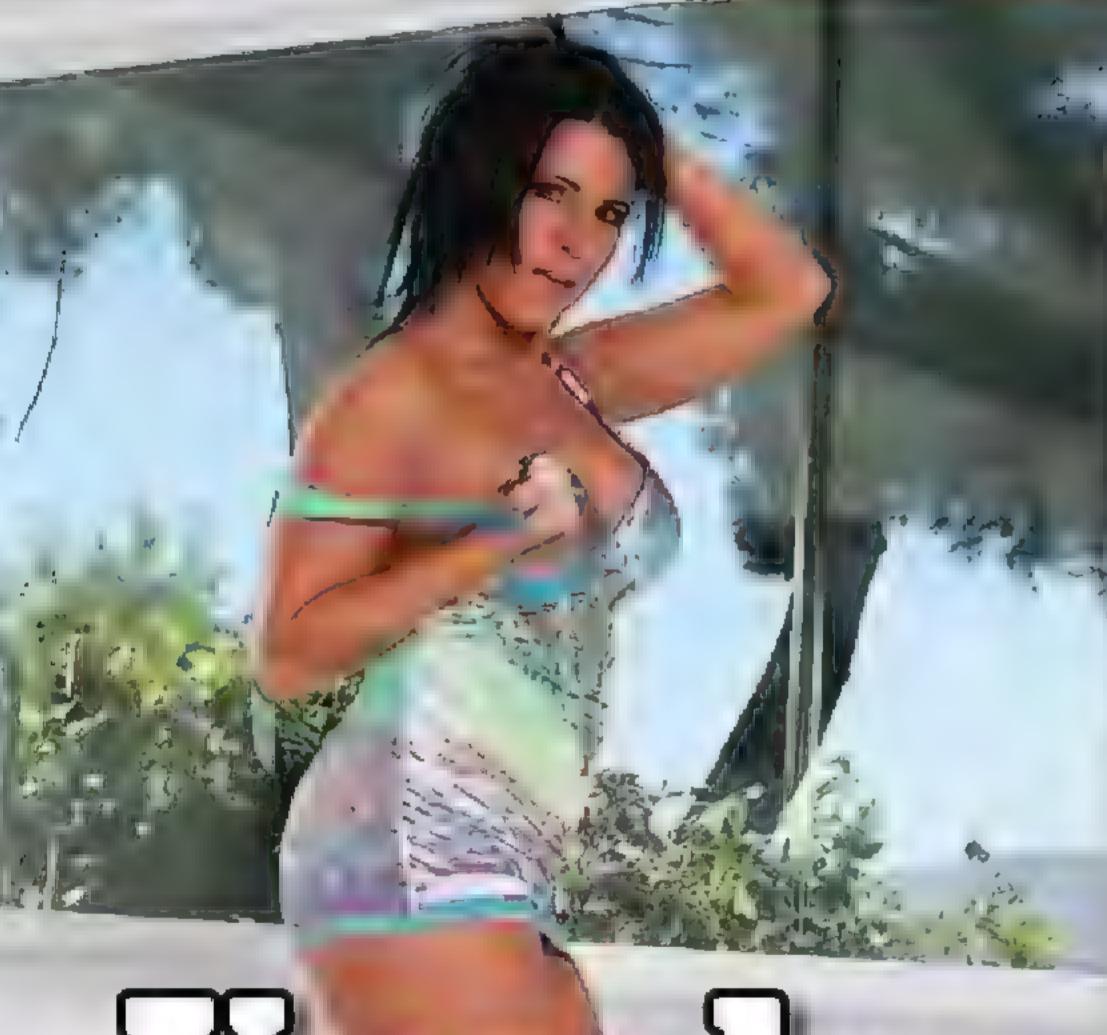












## Less Than Perfect





























If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

Bert Metcalfe would show his wife. Literally and figuratively.

Constance had been chillier than an arctic storm front lately, the Metcalfe's marriage was on the rocks. Bert couldn't even remember the last time he and Constance had had sex, and he was not sure he even wanted to. After fifteen years, a frost had grown between them that, seemingly, nothing could melt. Bert wanted a divorce, but Constance wouldn't even give him that much.

So, one afternoon when Bert knew his wife would be away for an hour or so, he brought two other women into their home—and marital bed.

"There she is!" he yelled, like Captain Ahab sighting the great white whale. He pointed at the large bed whose mattress had stiffened up considerably from disuse over the past year. "Room enough for everyone!"

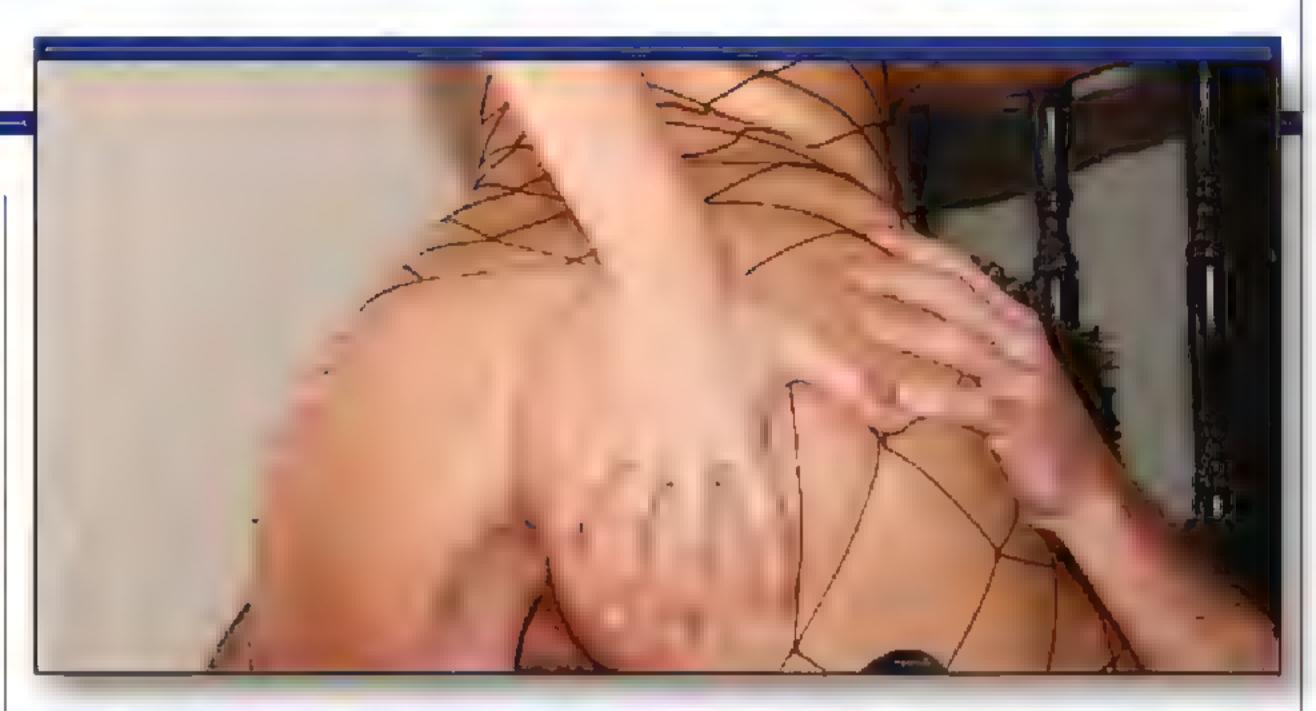
"Sweet," The said, smacking her gum around in her mouth suggestively, glancing from Bert to the bed even more suggestively.

She was in her twenties, had a hard, brittle face and grey eyes to match, as well as scraggly shoulder-length orange hair. But while the make-up was heavy and the intelligence light, her tits were large and lush, spilling out of her red halter-top. Her ass was equally plump and curved, bulging out of a short leather skirt. She began stripping off her clothes as the other woman, Cecilia, shyly looked on.

Cecilia was dark as coal, skin gleaming under the lights, her face round like her big brown eyes, her long black hair braided into a ponytail. She was dressed in tight black jeans and a tight white top, looking fresh and clean compared to Tla, and even more desirable to Bert.

"You gonna join the party, sweetheart?" Tila leered at the girl, already down to her lacy red bra and lacy red thong. Her skin was emblazoned with ten too many tattoos, nonetheless, Bert's breath caught in his throat when she uncinched her brimming bra at the front and let her tits spill out.

They hung low, but huge and ponderous, pale skin threaded with blue veins, nipples fat and cherry-red. She hefted her tits, shoved a distended nipple up to her mouth and sucked on it, graning at Bert and Cecilia. Then she dropped her knockers and turned around and slid her thong down over her swol en moons, doing it nice and slow so Bert and the girl could appreciate the display. Bert did, licking his lips, Cecilia biting hers.



## ICE BREAKER

Now fully and blatantly naked, Tila strolled over to Cecilia, her jugs shuddering obscenely. She placed her hands on the girl's shoulders from behind and whispered in her ear, "Don't be shy." Then she pulled Cecilia's t-shirt out of her jeans and up over her head.

Cecilia covered her bared chest with her hands, her eyes gone even wider, but Tila gripped the girl's wrists and forced her arms back down, exposing Cecilia's firm, conical b-cuppers to Bert. "Suck on them, Bert!" Tila hissed. "She wants you to suck on her tits!"

Bert moved closer, unsure. But when Cecilia shook her head, he grabbed onto her breasts and thrust his head down and caught a licorice tip in his mouth, sucking on it. Cecilia shut her eyes and moaned, leaning back against Tila.

"Yeah, she wants it, Bert!" Tila rasped. "She loves it when you suck on her tits!" Tila bit into the girl's slender neck, Bert inhaling her other jutting nipple, tugging on it.

"Time to taste some real dark meat, huh, Bert?" Tila murmured after awhile. She unbuttoned Cecilia's jeans, yanked down the girl's zipper.

Bert let go of her glistening tits and helped Tila pull Cecilia's jeans down. The girl wasn't wearing any panties, her slit shaven-smooth, even darker than the rest of her. Tila pushed Bert down to his knees in the shag, and then spread Cecilia's pussy lips with her fingers from behind.

Bert stared into the shining neon-pink. He swallowed

hard. He'd never cheated on his wife with another woman before, let alone two, despite the disintegration of their relationship. Until now.

And now he wasn't sure this was the right thing to do, after all. Did Constance really deserve this sort of betrayal? Had things gotten this bad, beyond any chance of repair?

Bert, slowly pulled his head back, but Tila grabbed onto his hair and planted his face between Cecilia's legs.

Bert grasped the girl's bulging booty and hungrily licked at her gleaming snatch. She smelled too good, tasted too good, and he'd been too long without pussy, the heat and the desire overwhelming him. This is what his wife should be getting if she'd only let him, he rationalized in his addled mind, as he hungrily lapped Cecilia's slit.

She trembled in Tila's arms and Bert's hands, pushing her pussy into Bert's face. Tila cupped her tits and rolled her nipples, making the girl moan, making Bert lick even harder and faster.

Tila suddenly pulled the whimpering girl back, spun her around, kissed her. Then she helped Bert to his feet, and kissed him, licking the girl's tangy juices off the man's lips and chin and nose. "Time to pleasure you, handsome," she said, helping Bert off with his clothes.

Cecilia joined in and the two women had Bert out of his suit and as naked as they were in a matter of moments. Bert's cock pointed arrow-straight out from his loins, long and hard, leaving no doubt as to his decision and direction any longer. He climbed onto the bed and sat up with his back to the headboard, Tila and Cecilia climbing up and stretching out on either side of his legs.

They grasped his cock and Bert grunted, staring down at

the pair. Their pussies and tits pressed into his legs, their soft, hot hands clutching his dick. Tila blew on Bert's hood and Cecilia shot out the thickest, pinkest tongue the man had ever seen and slurped up his shaft in one long, shuddening stroke.

"Fuck!" he growled, grabbing onto the girl's ponytail.

Cecilia and Tila took turns licking Bert's shaft, dragging their wet tongues up from his balls to his slit, over and over, licking up each other's spit, painting Bert's foreskin with pleasure. He lolled his head back and fisted his hands in their hair, feeling each and every throbbing caress.

"Oh my god!" someone screamed.

Bert opened his eyes and stared at his wife.

She stood in the doorway of their bedroom, shopping bags on the floor, hands at her mouth, blue eyes wide with horror and anguish.

The two women alongside Bert's upthrust cock looked at each other, at the primly attired woman in the doorway, then up at the man they'd been licking. He grinned and pushed their heads back down, got them tonguing his cock again.

For a split-second, Bert had felt pity for his wife, but her absurd overreaction only made him angry again, showed him all over again what a stuck-up prude she really was. "Suck my cock, Tila!" he growled, giving the woman's head a jerk. "Suck on my cock like my bitch of a wife won't!"

Tila pulled Bert's stiff rod her way and engulfed the man's meaty hood with her bee-stung lips, swallowed three-quarters of his shaft in the wet-hot cauldron of her mouth.

Bert bucked, driving his dick deep into Tila's throat, staring at his wife and surging with vicious pleasure. "Fuck, she's a good cocksucker, Constance!" he jeered.

Tra easily accepted the challenge, vigorously bobbing her head up and down, wet-vaccing Bert's dong, balls to knob, deep-throating with practiced abandon. Cecilia slid her plush lips over Bert's tightened nut sack and tugged on it whole.

"God, Bert! How could you?" Constance gasped, leaning back against the doorframe.

"It was easy!" Bert hissed, thrusting his hips in rhythm to T.a's fearsome sucking.

She popped her mouth off Bert's dick and handed it over to Cecilia. The young woman eagerly gobbled up Bert's cock, both women inspired by the audience they now had, like Bert. Cecilia's wide nostrils flared hot air all over Bert's groin, her thick lips tugging on his dong, tongue cushioning, bathing his shaft.

"Fuck, she can suck cock as good as the other one, Constance!" Bert exclaimed. "I've never been so fucking hard!"

Constance stared at the threesome on her bed, her eyes gone strangely dull, pretty face flushed. "Yes, Bert," she breathed, her left hand wandering up to her left breast, grasping it through her blue dress. "Why don't you fuck them, Bert? Fuck both of the sluts on our bed."

It was Bert's turn to gape. He'd expected Constance's first reaction, had looked forward to it with relish, but he hadn't expected this second reaction. His wife was gripping, squeezing her tit, her other hand sliding down between her legs, bunching her dress there, watching her husband get his cock sucked by two women.

Bert could hardy believe it. He didn't know what to make of it, but once again, his cock showed him the way. It surged even longer and harder in Cecilia's sucking mouth, the man aroused to new heights by the raw, emotional sight of his wife getting turned-on by watching him cheat on her. He rushed to fulfill what she'd said — his and her fantasy both apparently — fucking a stranger, two strangers, while she watched.

Tila lay flat on her back while Cecilia crouched over top of her. Bert stuck the black girl from behind, ramming full-length into her pussy. "Fuck, she's so hot and juicy!" he groaned at his wife.

She moaned back, "Fuck her, Bert! Fuck the slut!" Her hands were inside her dress now, clasping a breast in her bra, rubbing her pussy in her panties.

Bert had never seen Constance so aroused in their entire fifteen years of marriage. He hammered Cecilia's pussy, smacking his thighs against her big, rippling ass, on fire with the sudden turn of events — the strange new kinky twist his marriage had taken.

He shot a glance downward, saw Cecilia and Tila kissing, Tila's hands all over Cecilia's tits. Then he looked back up again, enthralled at the sight of his wife excitedly feeling herself up while he fucked another woman. "Take off your dress!" he yelled at her. "I want to see you naked—fondling yourself naked while I fuck these two sluts!"

He yanked his cock out of Cecilia's dripping gash and dropped lower, slammed his dong between Tila's legs. He plunged balls-deep into her wide-open snatch, watching his wife pull her dress up over her head, stand there in her plain white bra and panties, her body glowing. "Take off your underwear!" he gritted, thrusting into Tila's pussy. "Finger-fuck yourself, pull on your nipples while you watch me fuck!"

She obeyed, unclasping and pulling her bra away, pushing down her panties and stepping out of them. He admired her slender, shapely body, her creamy-white tits and brilliant pink nipples, the thatch of blonde hair between her long legs. His cock leapt in Tila's cunt, as his wife cupped and kneaded her bare breasts, rolled and pulled on her nipples.

"Your cunt!" he gasped. "Fuck yourself!"

"Yes, Bert! Yes!" She dropped a hand off her chest and plunged three fingers into her pussy, churned.

"Fuck, yeah, Constance!" Bert howled. He pulled his dripping cock out of Tila's pussy and plugged it back into Cecilia's as his wife bent forward with the force of her fingers, slamming her pussy at the same frantic pace that he was slamming Cecilia's cunt.

There was just the two of them now, Bert's cock buried in another woman's pussy, but really in his wife's snatch, where her fingers were flying like his dick. They glared at one another, on fire with their mutual lust. It had taken a severe jolt to bring their marriage back to life; but it was back, living, breathing, lusting.

Bert jerked his cock out of Cecilia and jumped off the bed and ran over to his wife, slammed her up against the door-frame with the savage force of his cock spearing into her curt. She grabbed onto his ass and dug her nails in, spurring him on. "Fuck me, Bert!" she cried, bouncing off the wood with the brutal power of his longing. "Fuck me like you used to!"

"No!" Bert yelled back, pistoning her pussy. "Like I'm going to from now on!"

He grabbed up her legs and she instantly wrapped them around his waist, hooking her ankles together, so his frantically pumping cock could delve even deeper inside her. The wall shook, the sexual intervention rushing towards a climax.

"I love you, Constance!" Bert cried in his wife's face, his body on fire and balls on boil.

She desperately kissed him, tongued him, getting drilled to the sexual core. "Oh, God, I'm coming, Bert!" she shrieked, shaking in his arms.

"Me, too!" he hollered, ramming her pussy.

They both jerked, jolted by orgasm, Constance gushing her joy, Bert spurting his. They came and came and came, together.

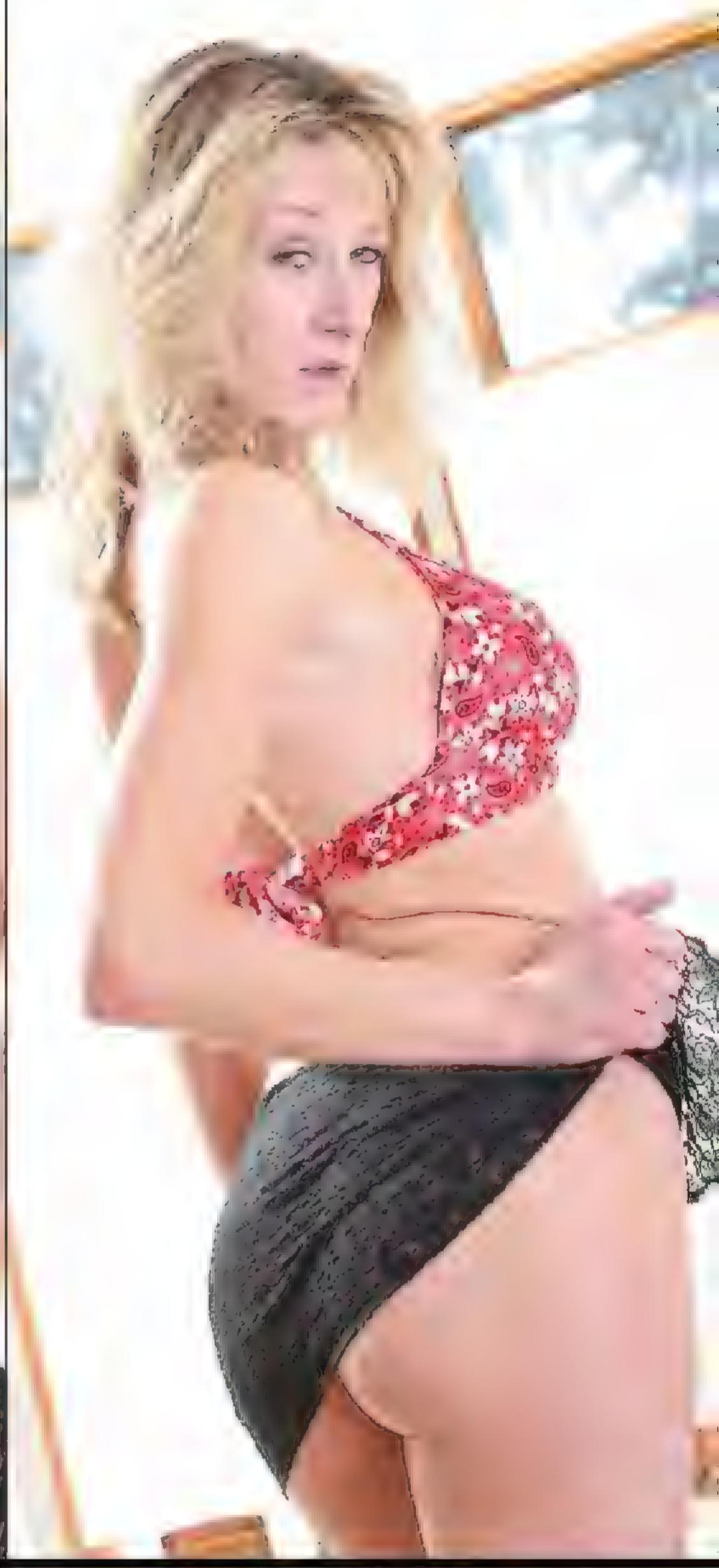
"Well, I guess our job is done here," Tila commented wryly to Cecilia, the two women watching the ecstatic couple.

"I'll send you our bill," Tila said to Bert, as she escorted Cecilia out of the bedroom. The two hookers had more johns to bed before the day and night were through; hopefully ones that didn't bring their emotional baggage along for the ride.

Bert took no notice, his eyes and mouth and arms and cock full of his loving wife.

-Landon Dixon





Jamie had always loved sex and everyone knew it. She made no attempt to hide her interest and didn't mind that she had a reputation as a slut. For her, liking sex was not something to be ashamed of, rather something about which she could be proud. She'd grown up with liberal parents who openly swung, so monogamy had never seemed normal to her. This meant that she sometimes had trouble finding boyfriends who could accept her lifestyle, but with the number of casual partners she had, this really didn't matter.











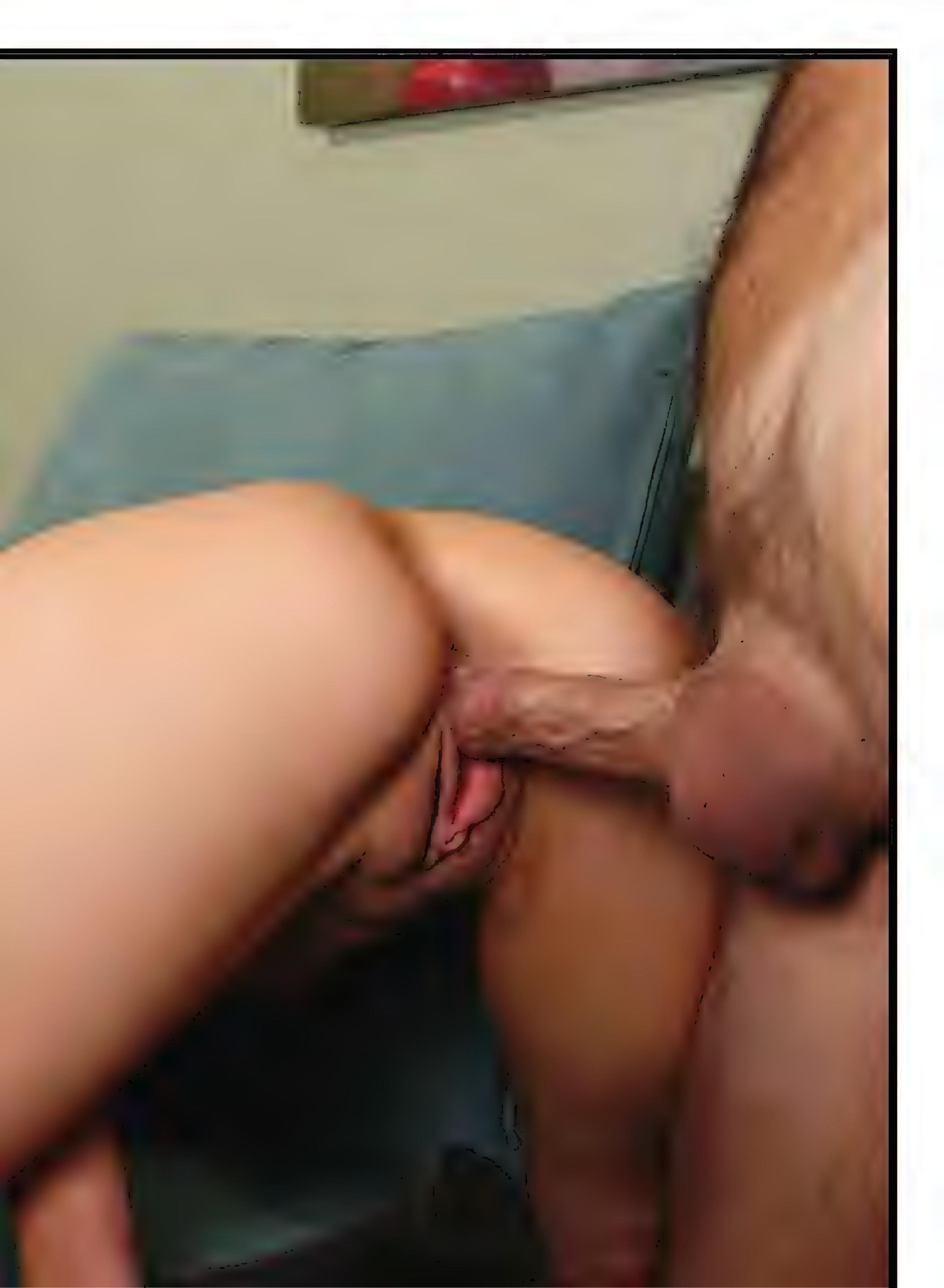


















Kylie had always been pretty, but unlike some women, as she aged, she only seemed to get hotter. She'd always been able to get pretty much whatever man she wanted, both young and old alike. The young men, especially, got a real kick out of being able to bang such a hot MILF. She didn't let the attention go to her head though, just feeling lucky that men still wanted her, midway through her 40s.



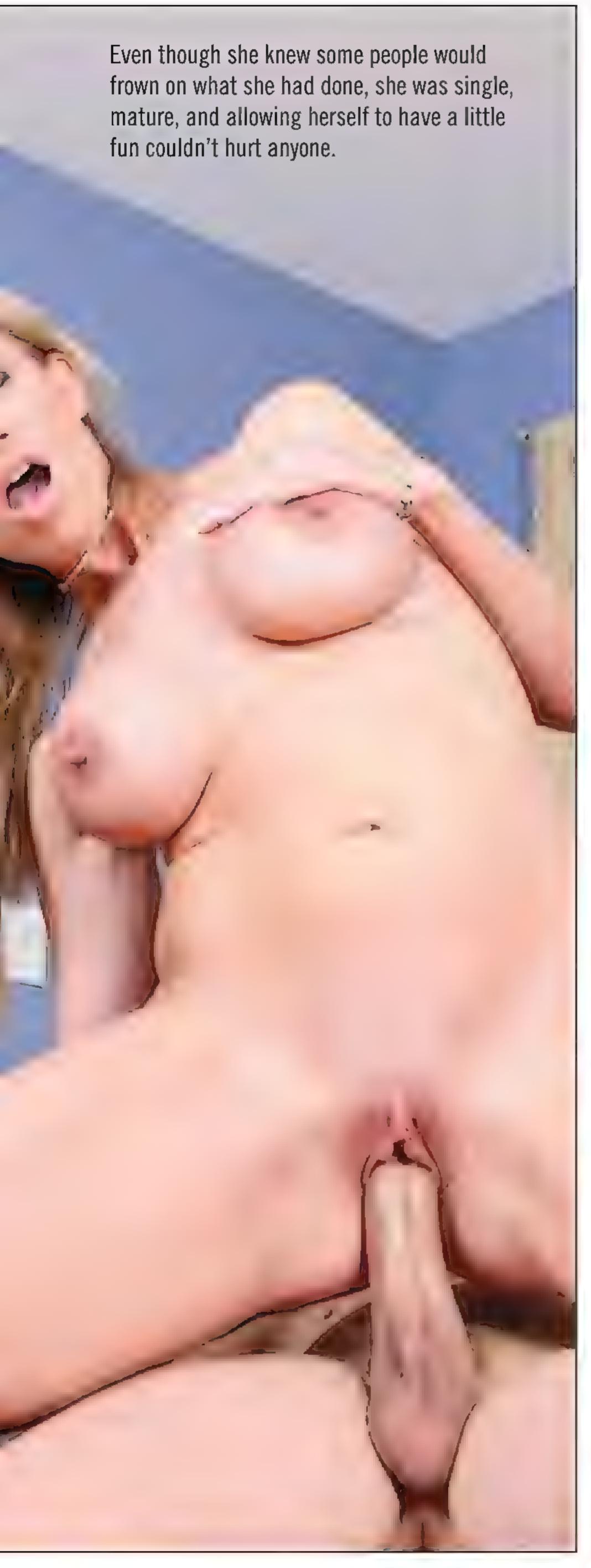


















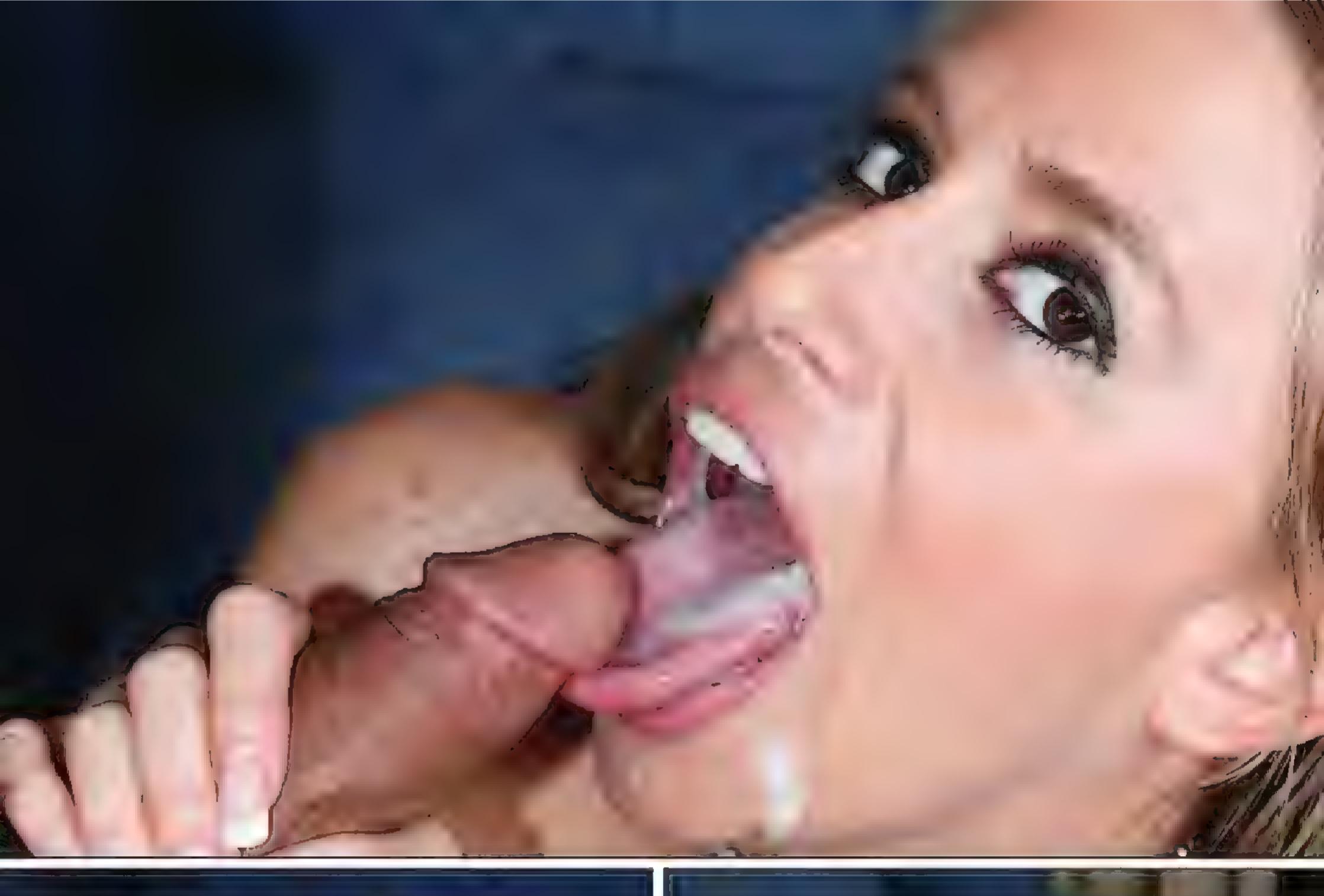
















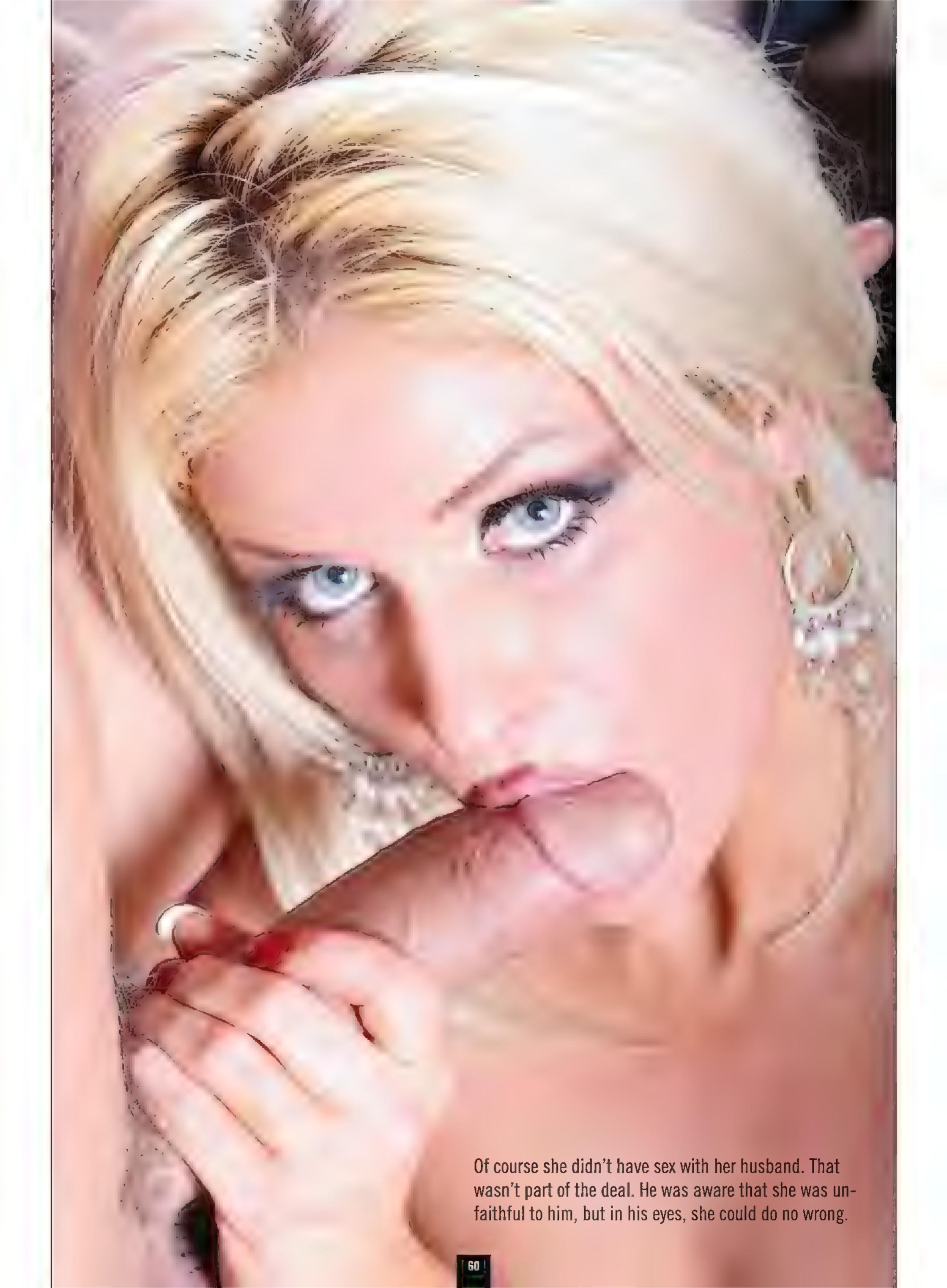
















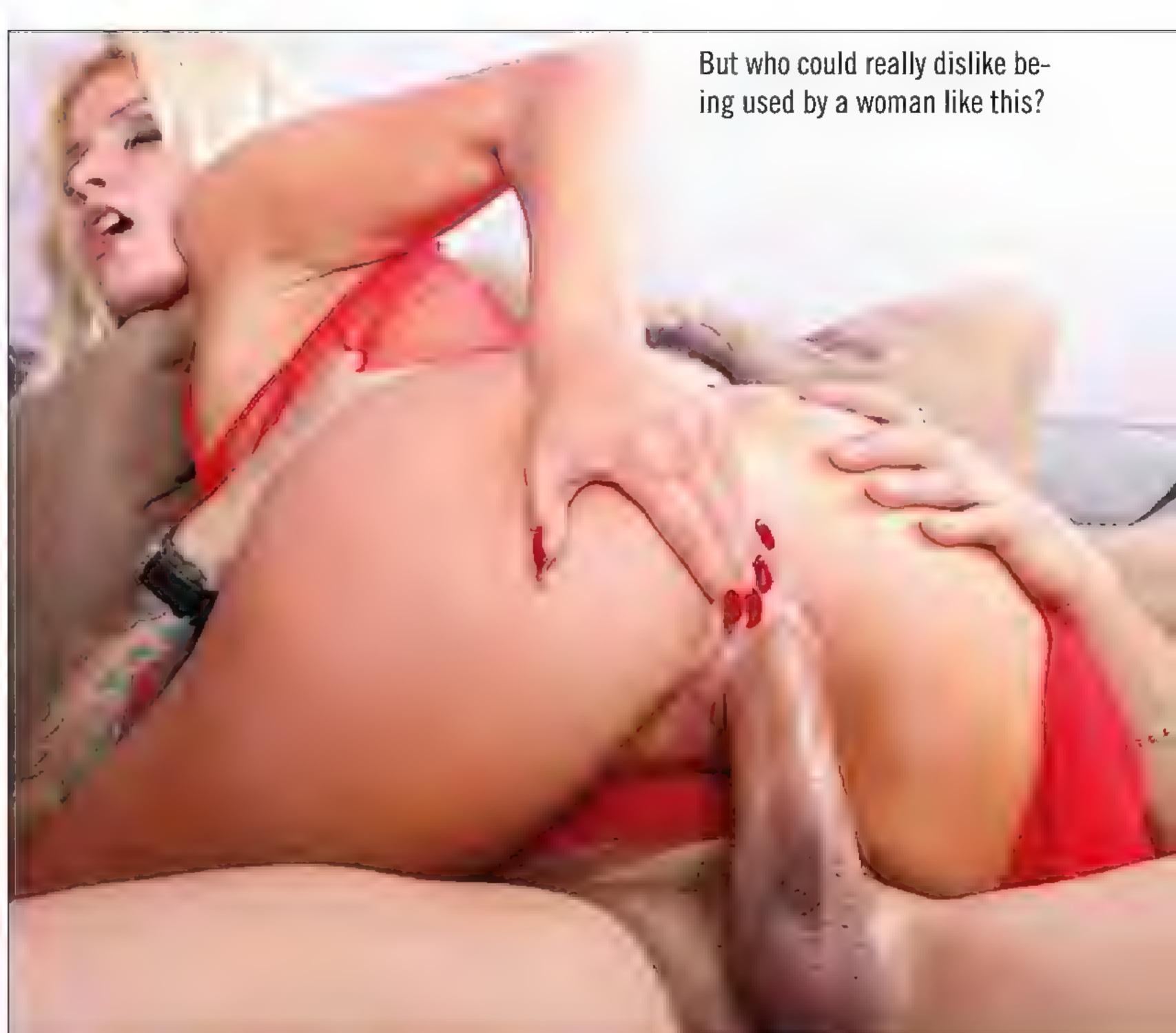


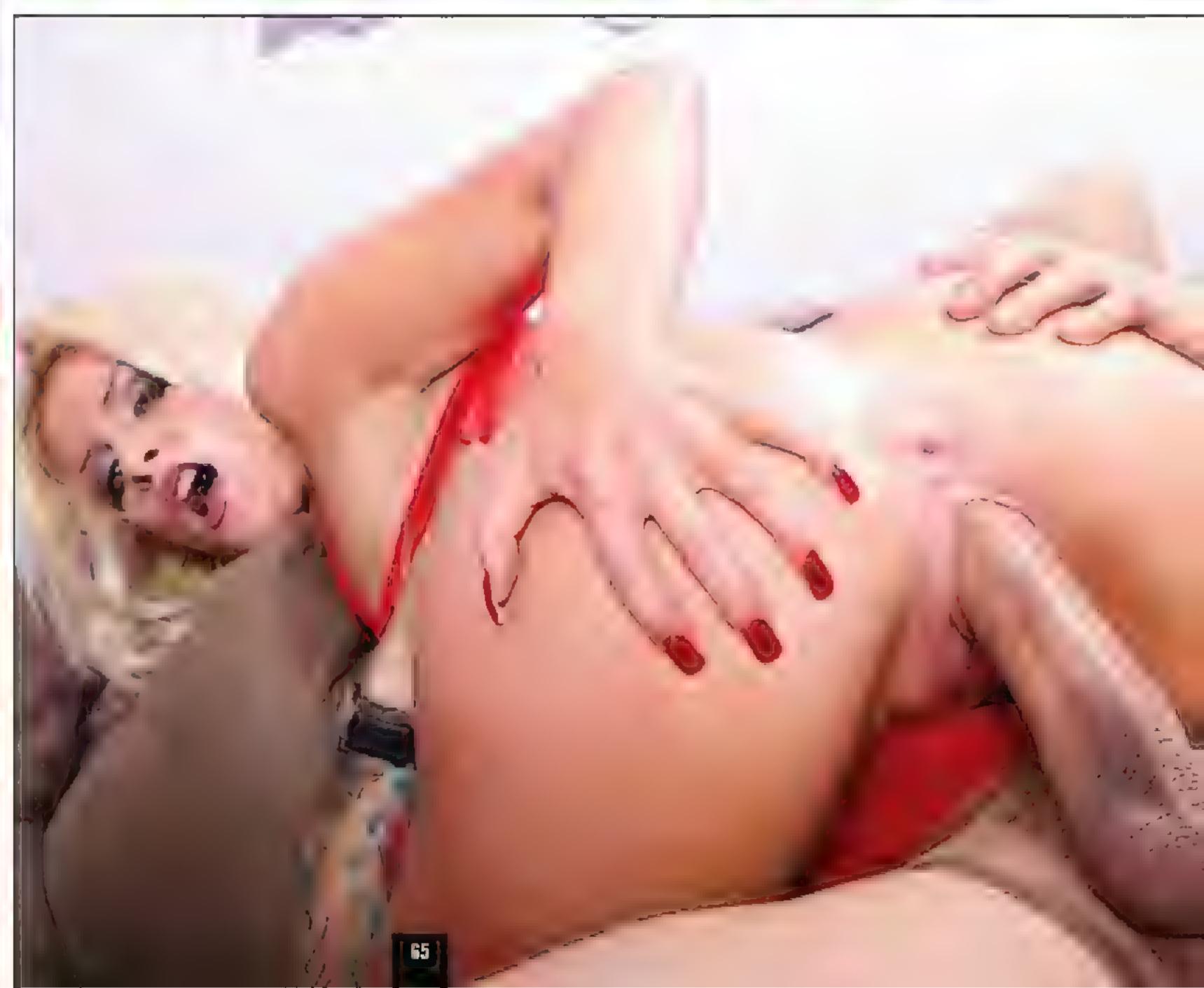




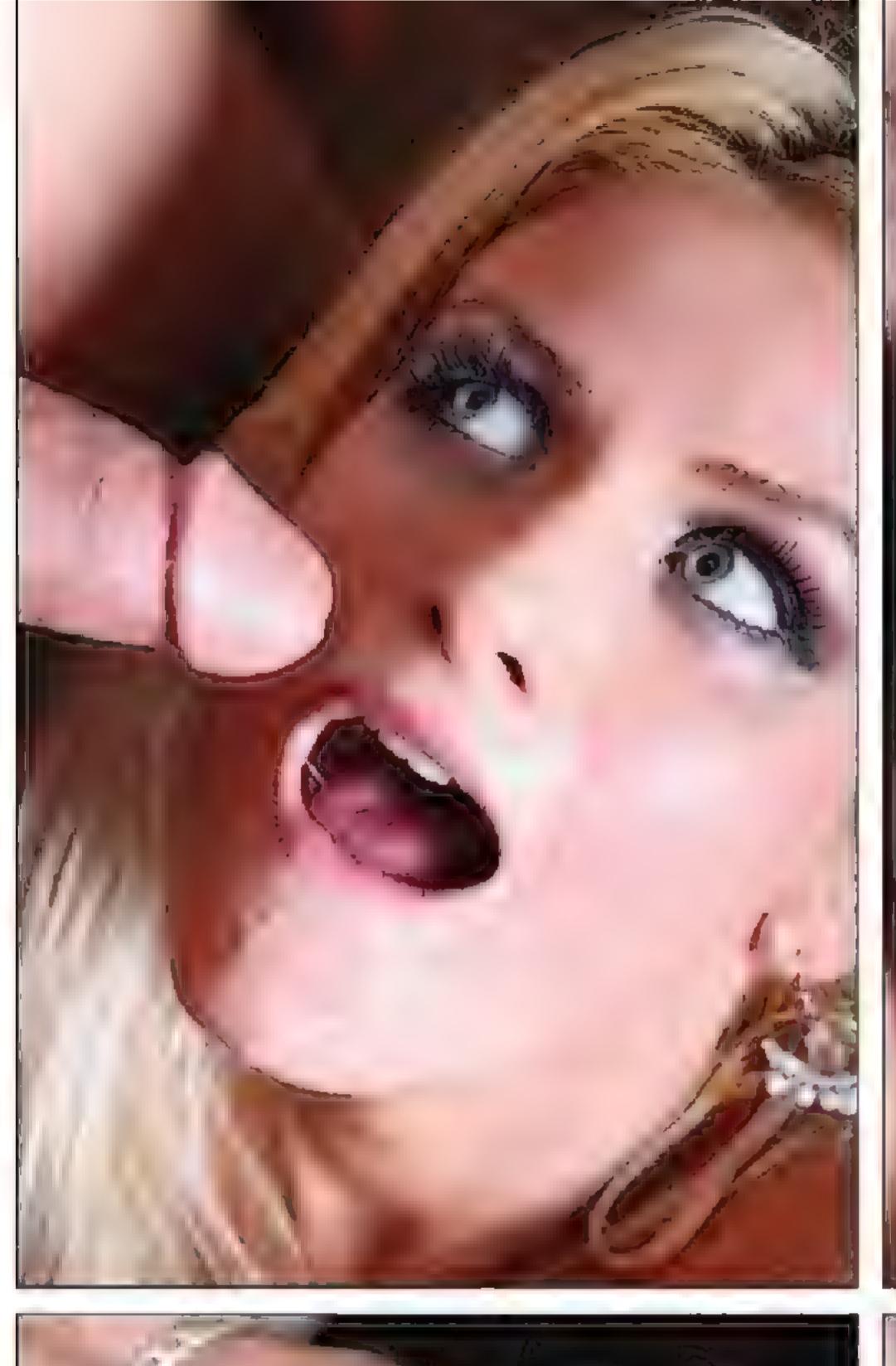


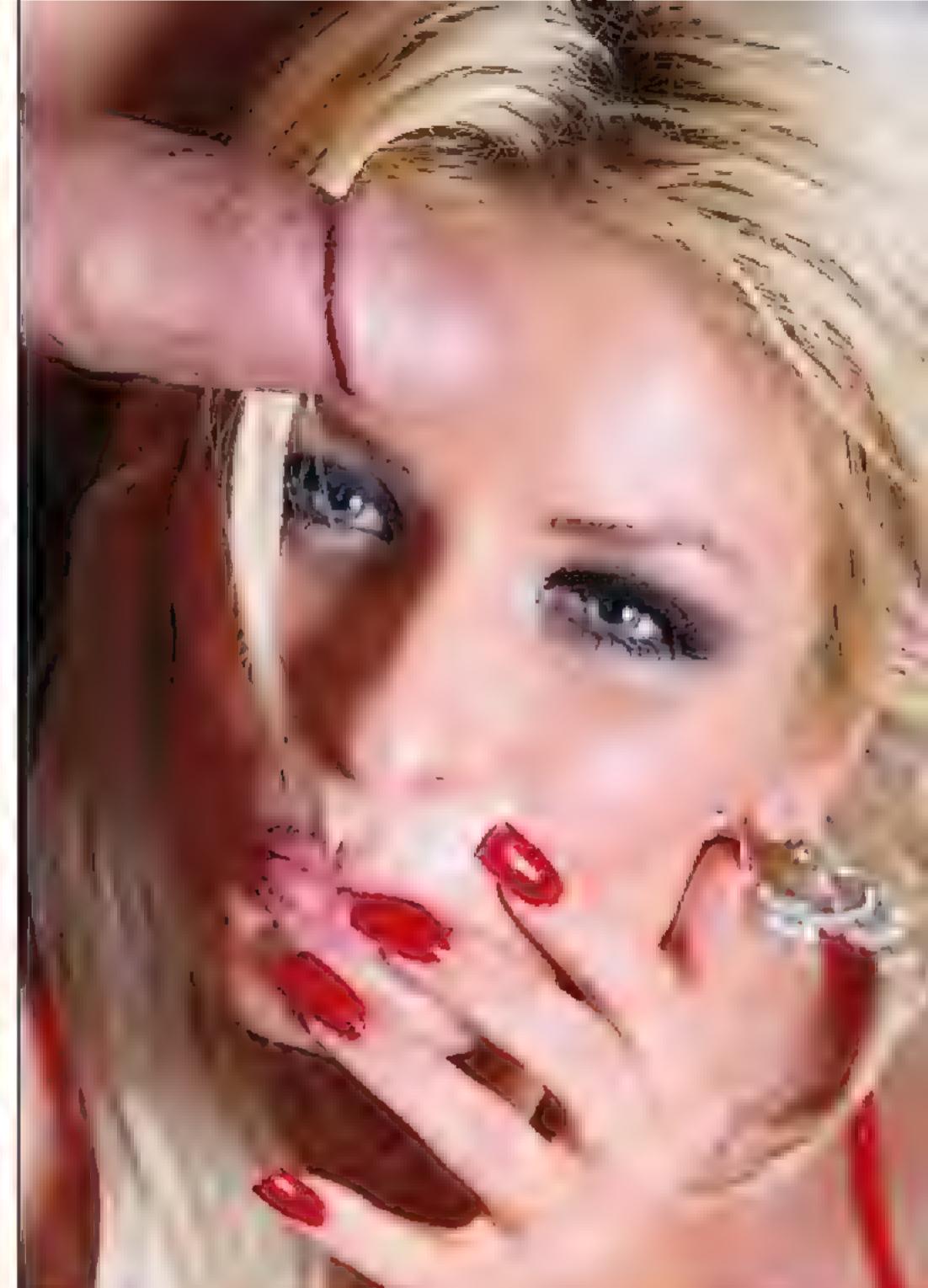


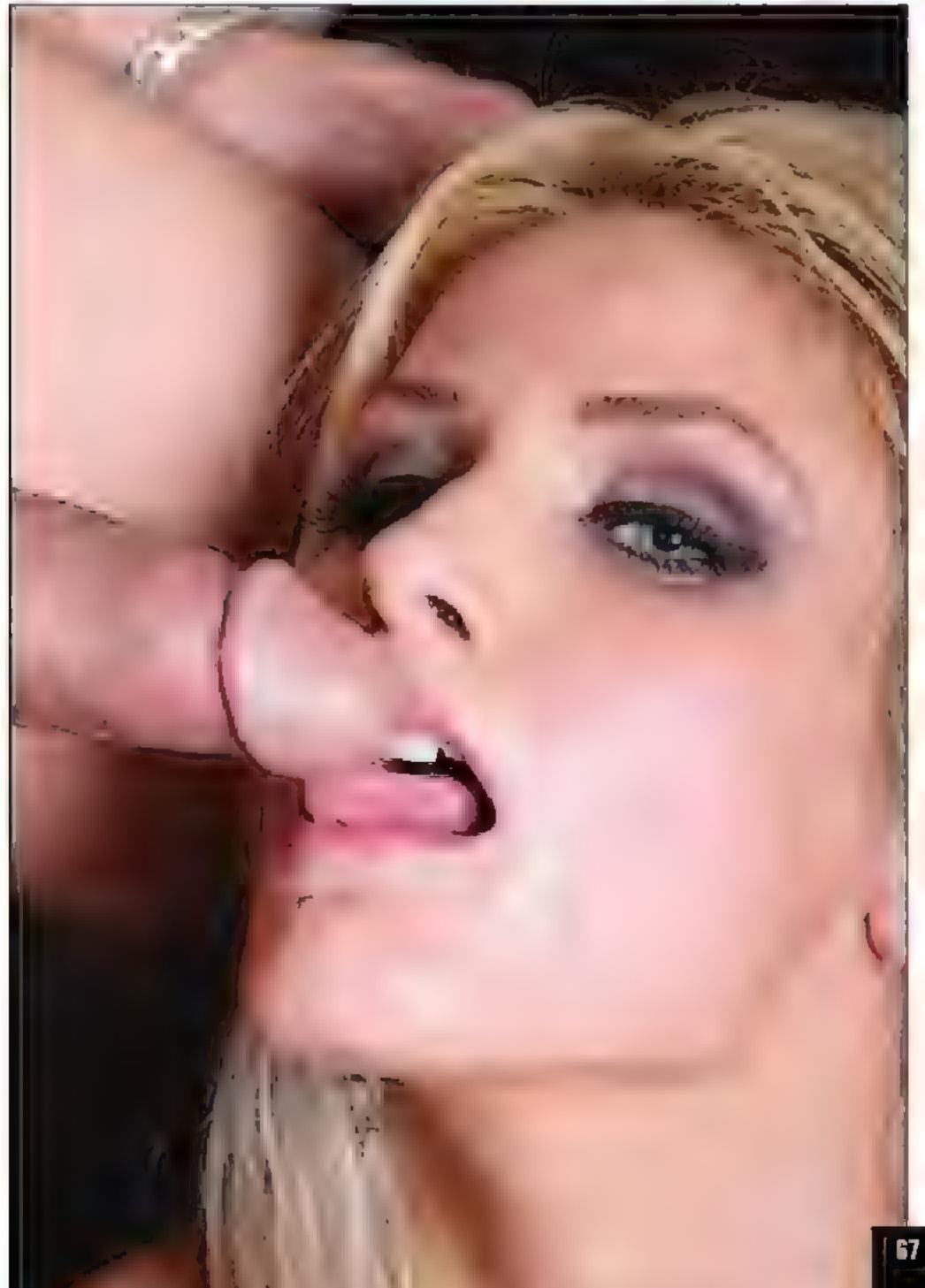


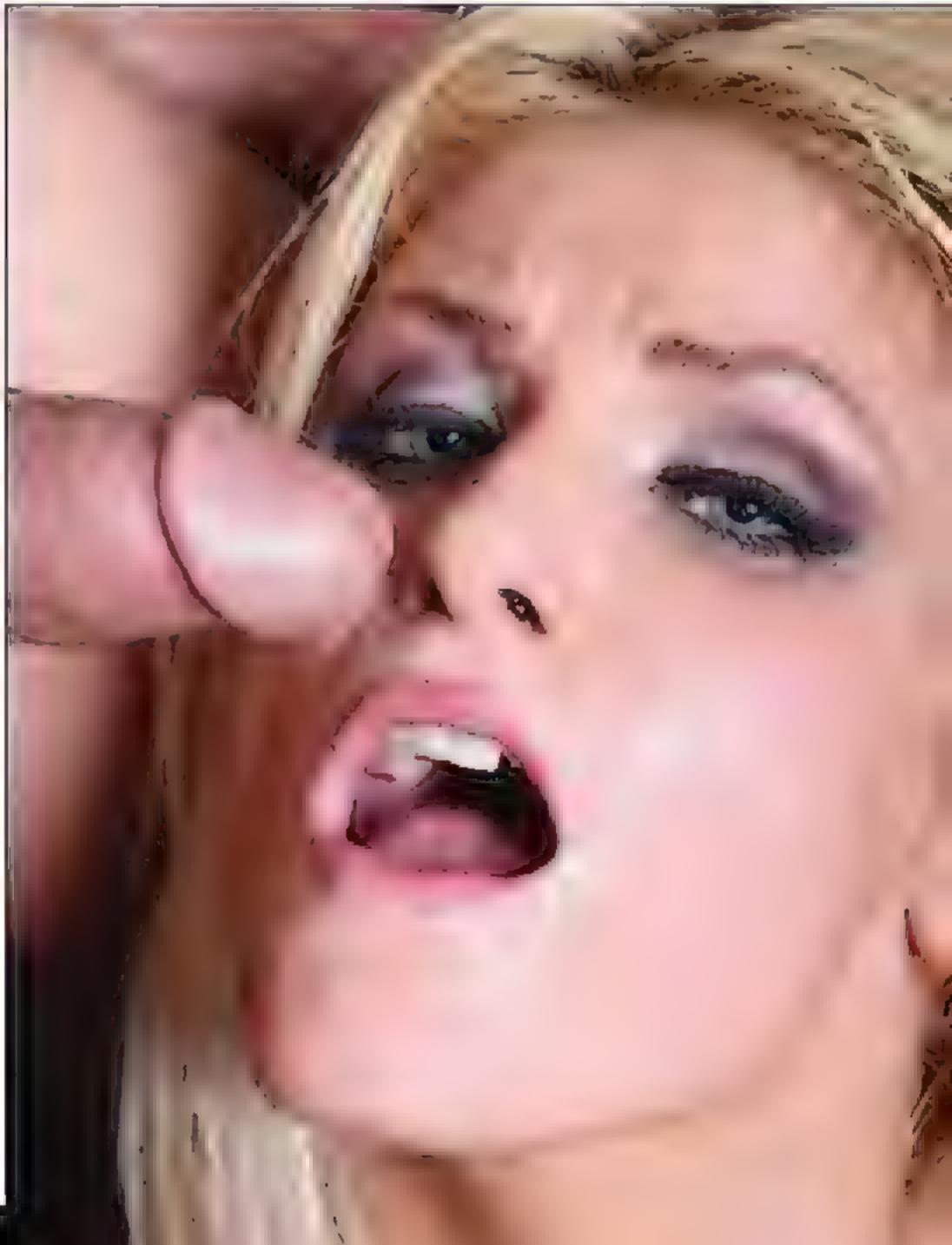














Jordan is a very naughty woman who wants, and will take, sex from whomever, whenever she wants. She hit her sexual peak later than some and has been on a roll ever since. It was almost like overnight, she went from being ambivalent towards sex, to being able to think about little else. She didn't know what had prompted the change, but she wasn't complaining. It had given her a brand new perspective on life.







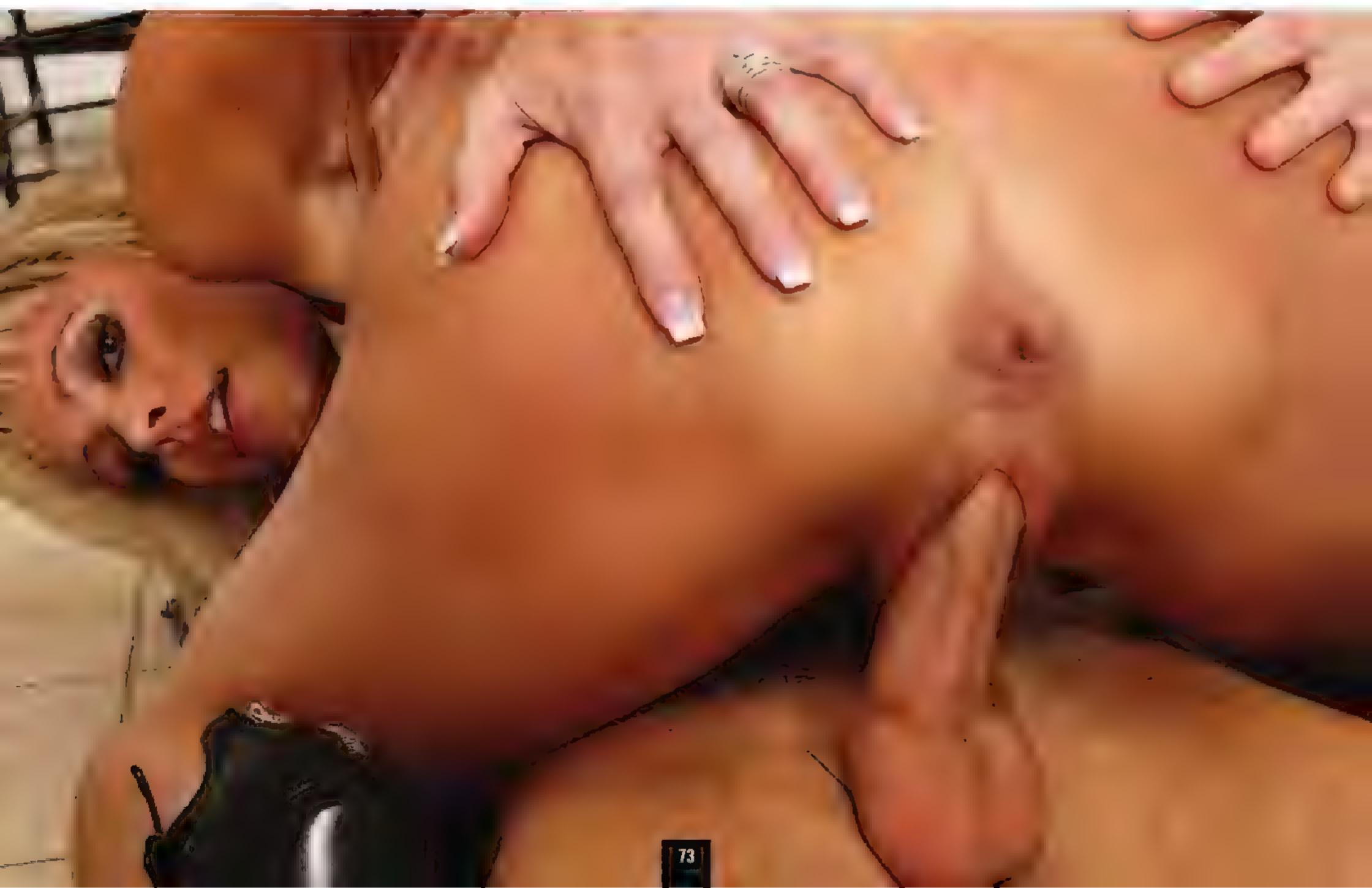






















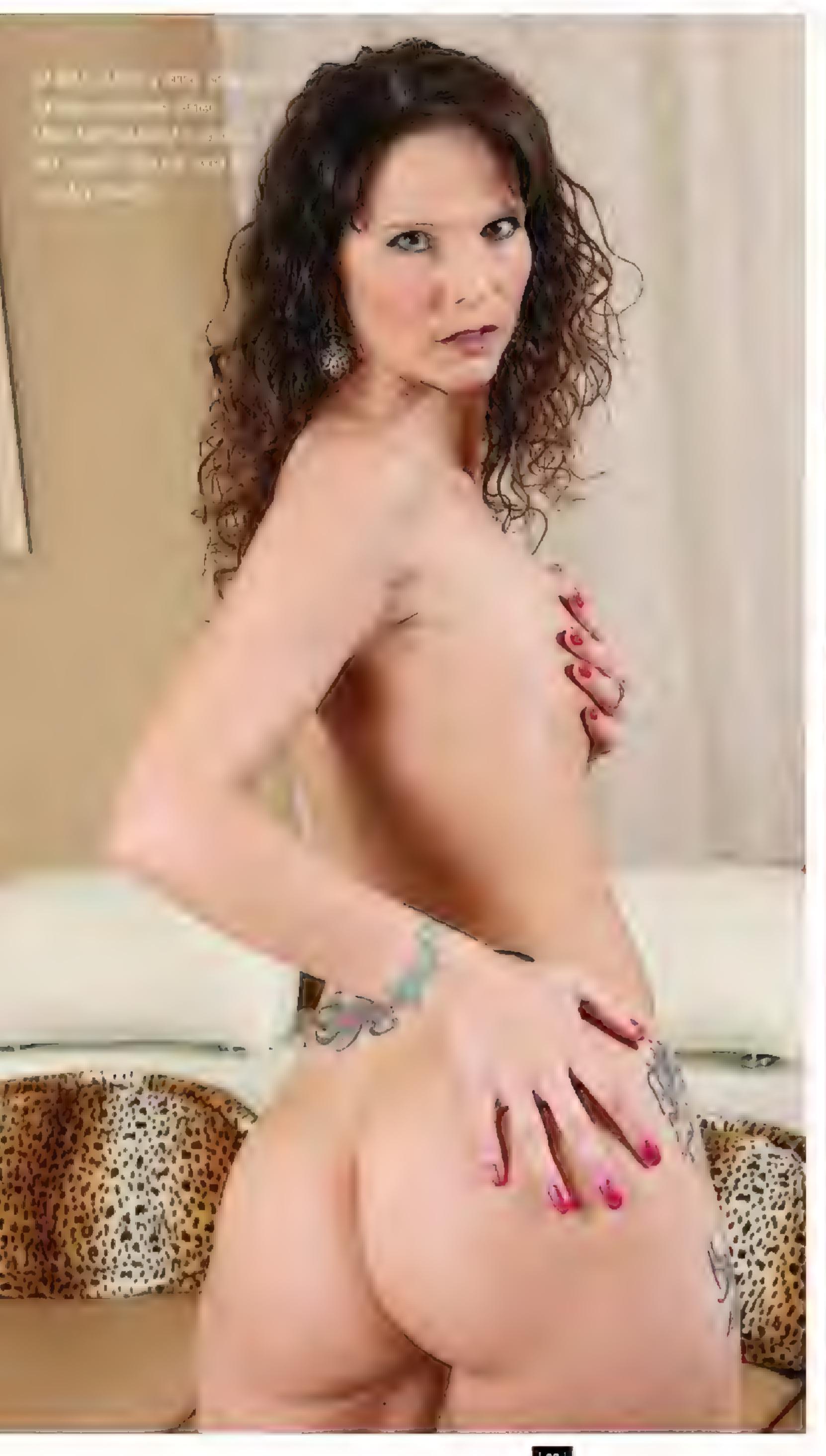


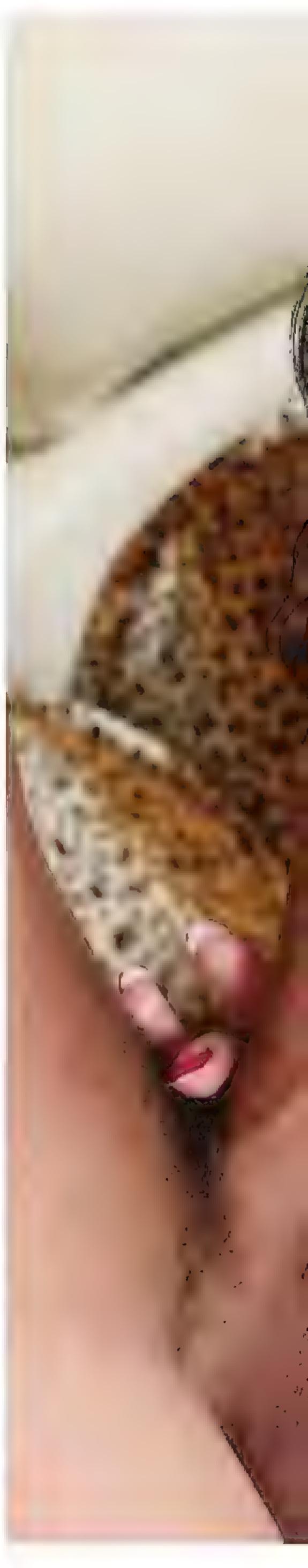


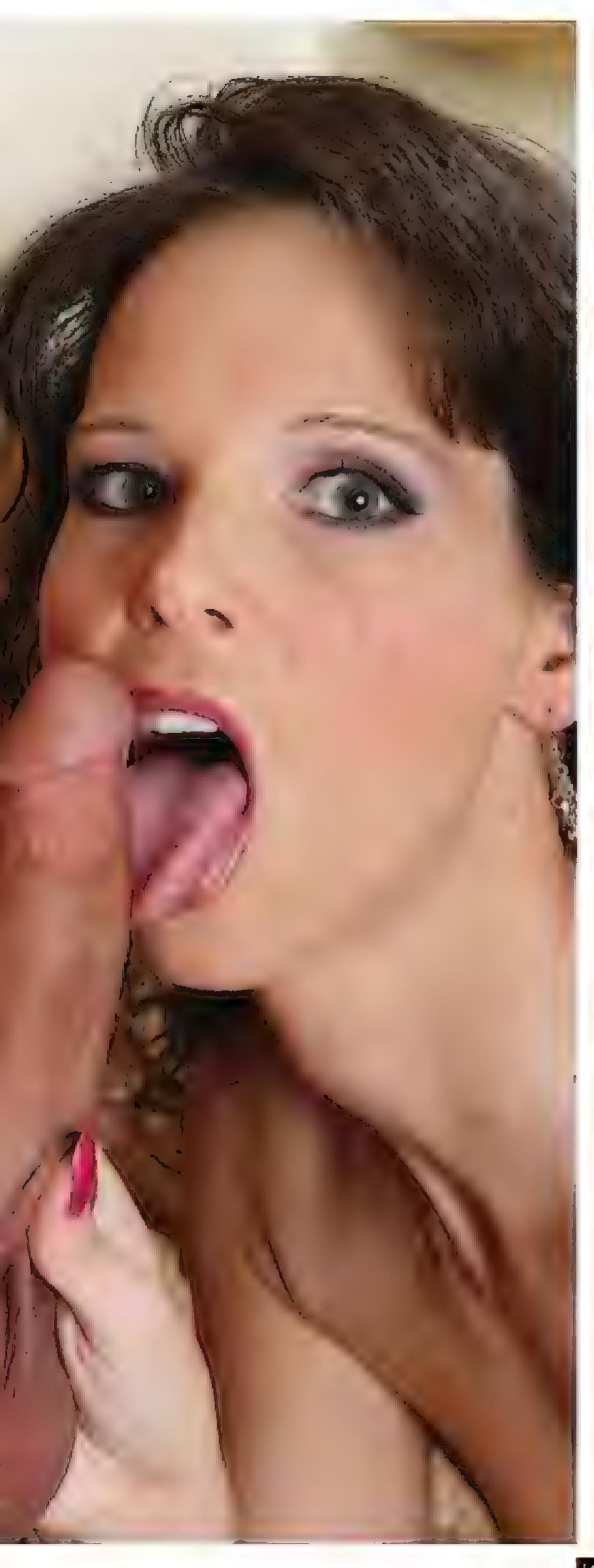


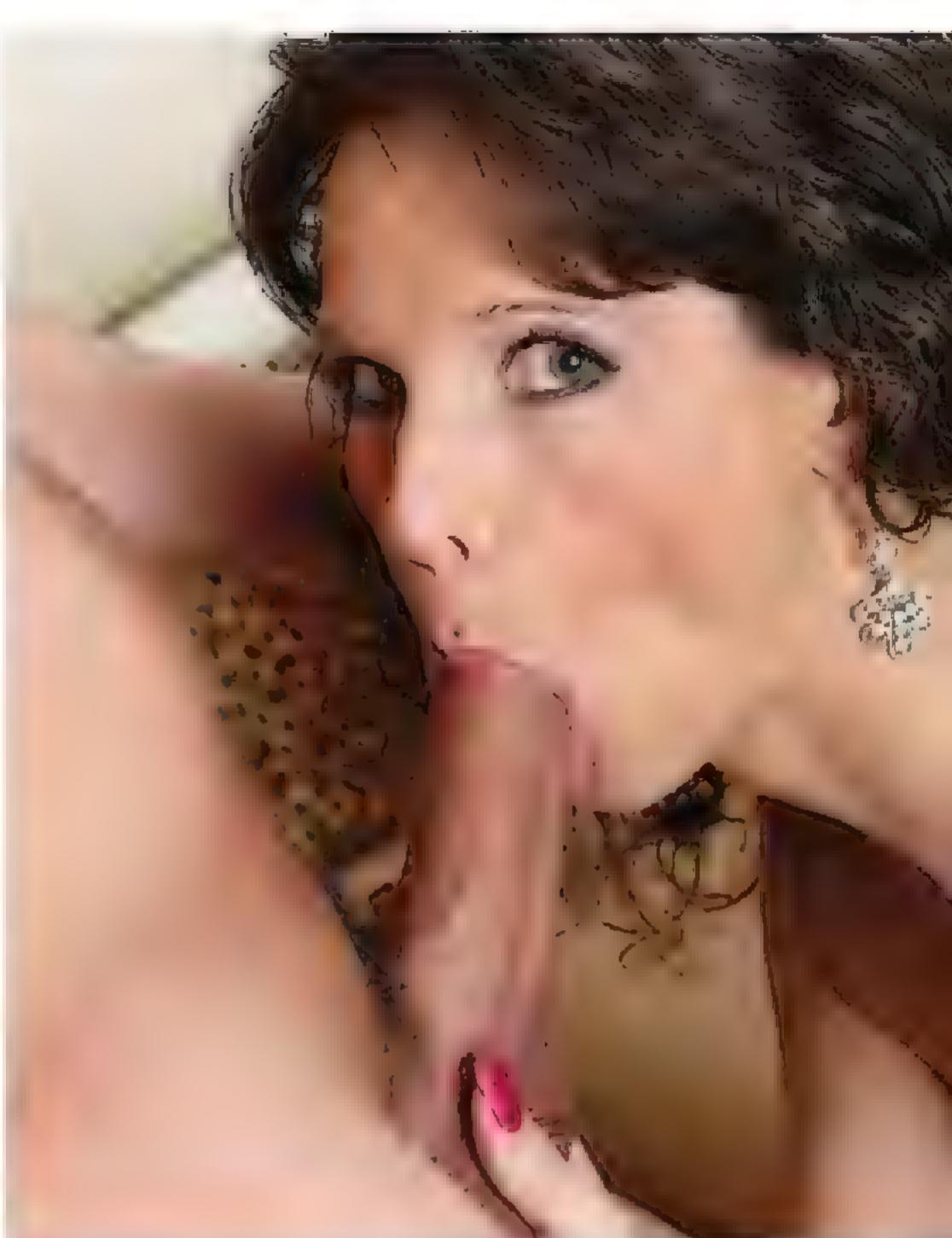
For some time, Syren had suspected that her husband was screwing around on her. She she finally caught him at it, she was in no mood to play nice and try to work things out. In her world, if you step out on her, it's over. He couldn't really argue with her about this - he'd fucked up and knew it - so the divorce was quick and easy. It didn't take long for Syren to start dating again. After what she'd been through, she was ready for some casual fun. Eventually she wanted to find a nice guy and settle down again, but not before she was through playing.















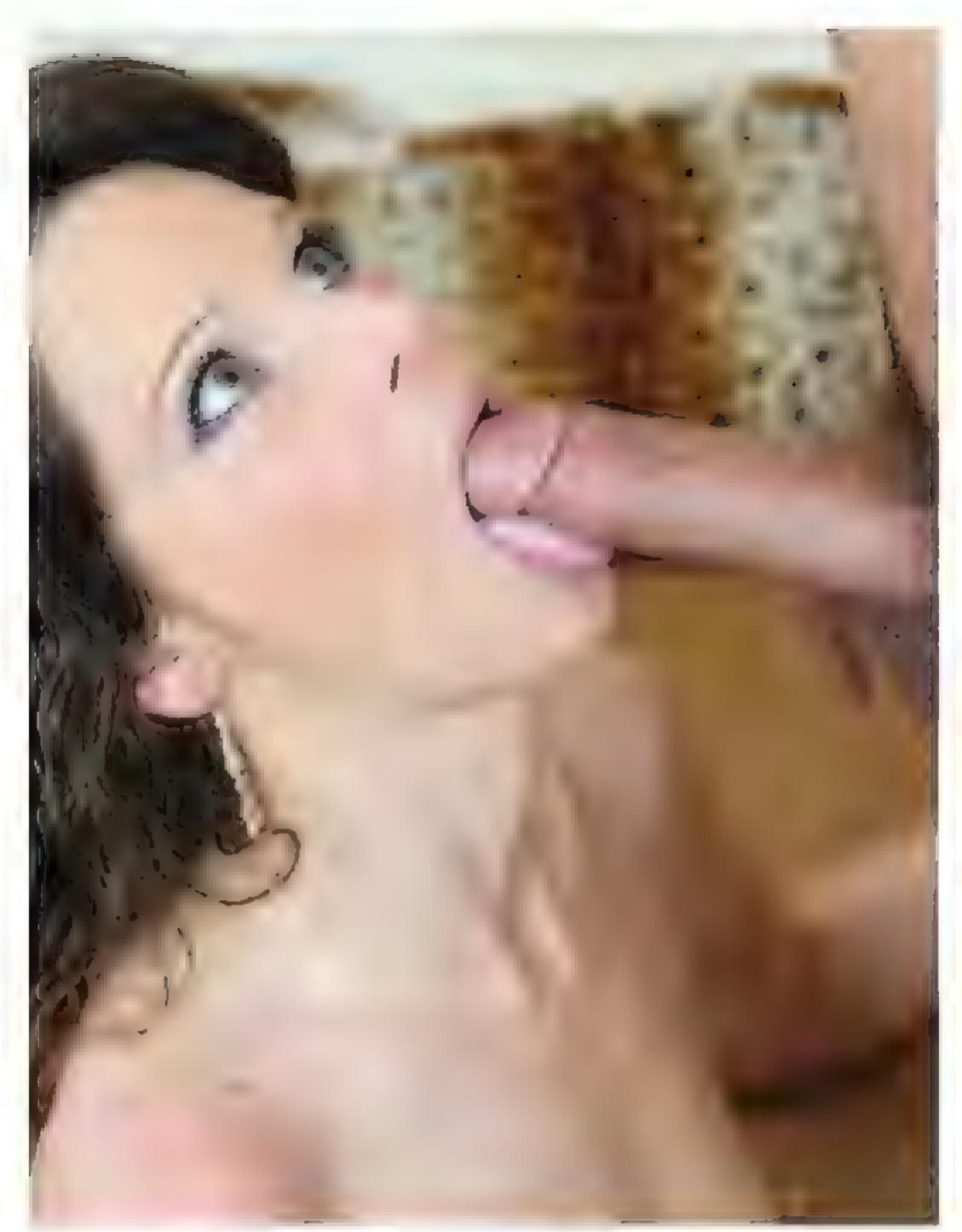




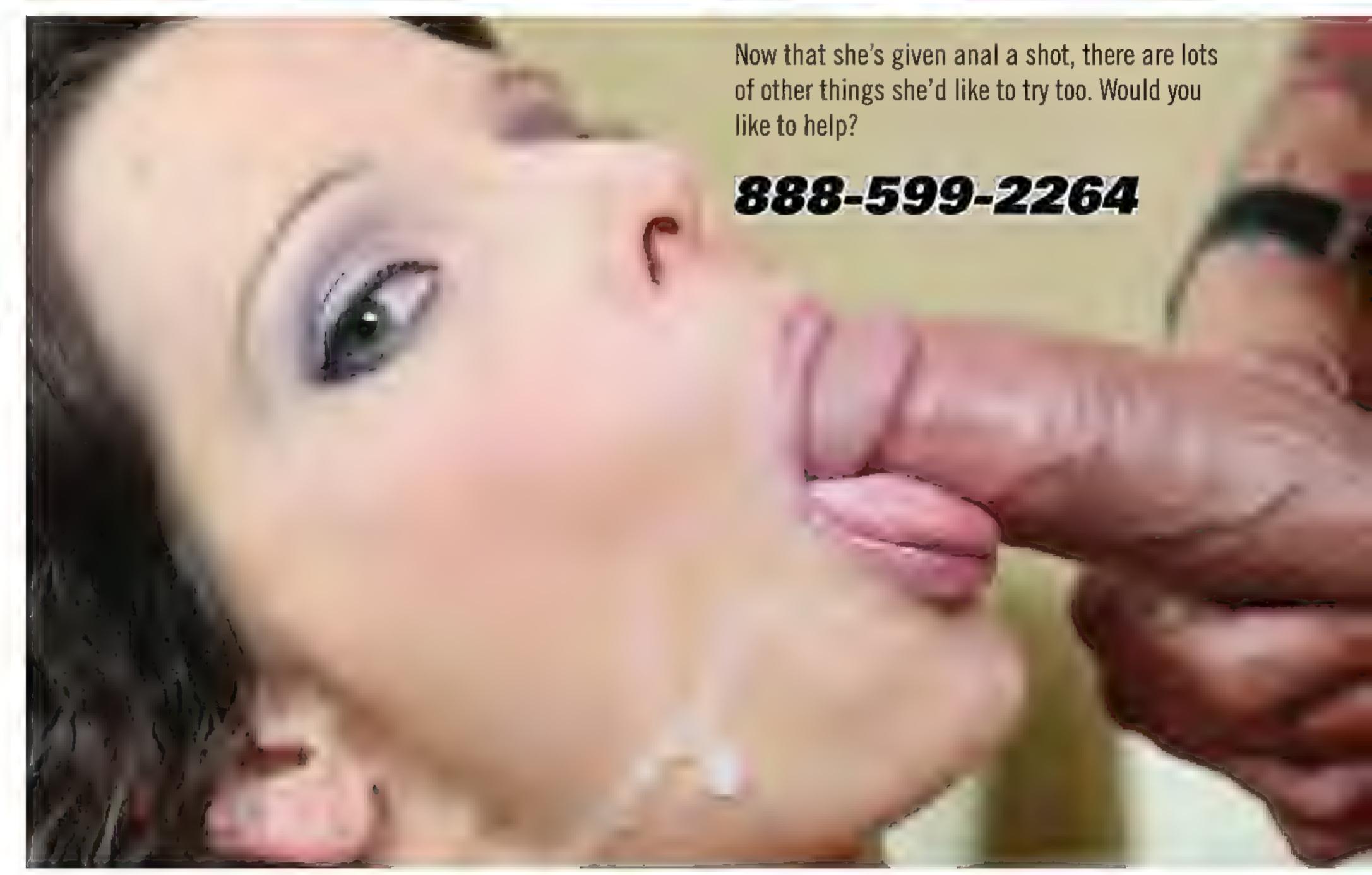
























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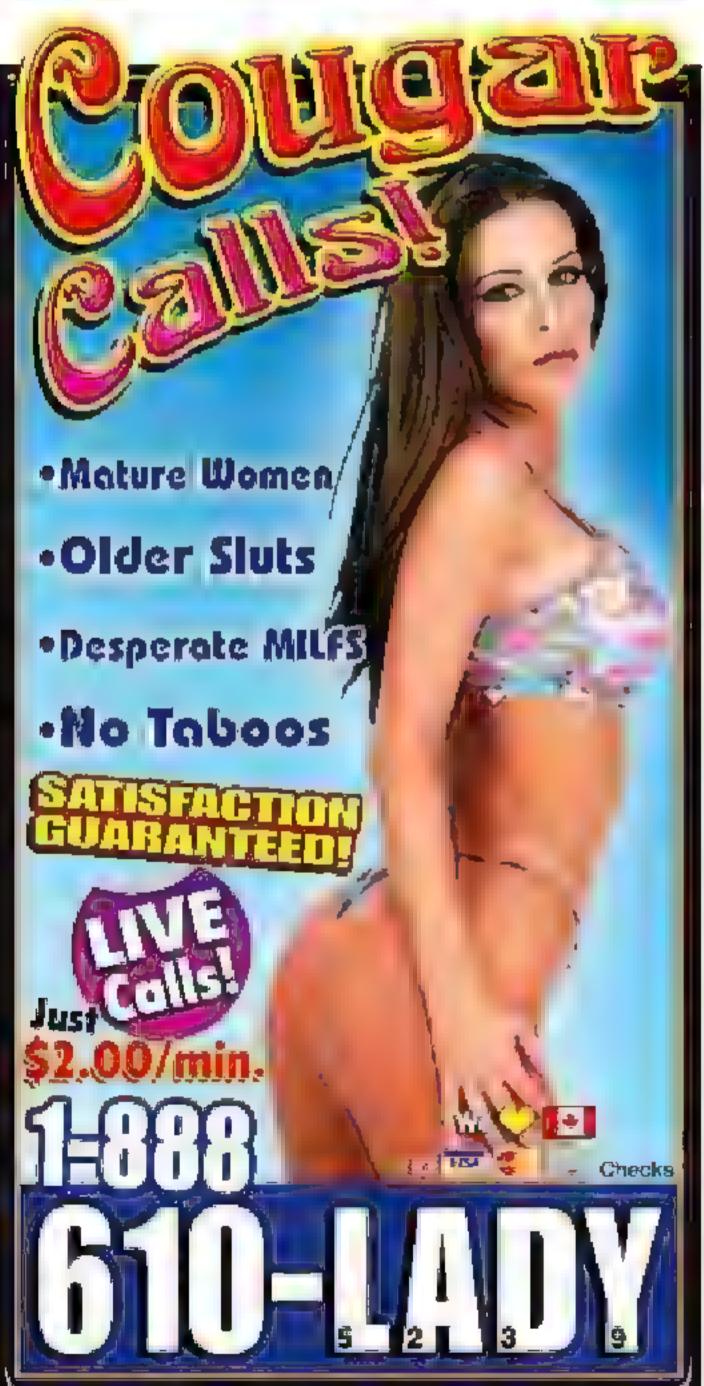






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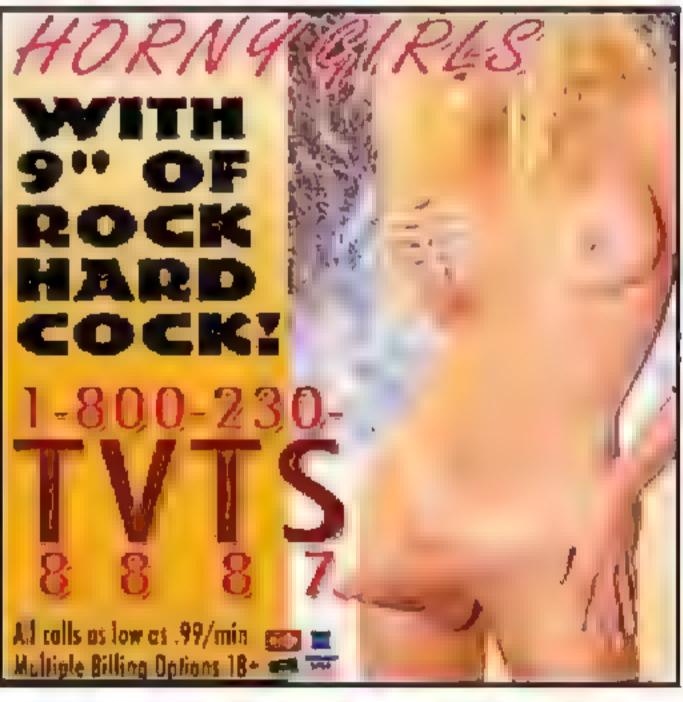


























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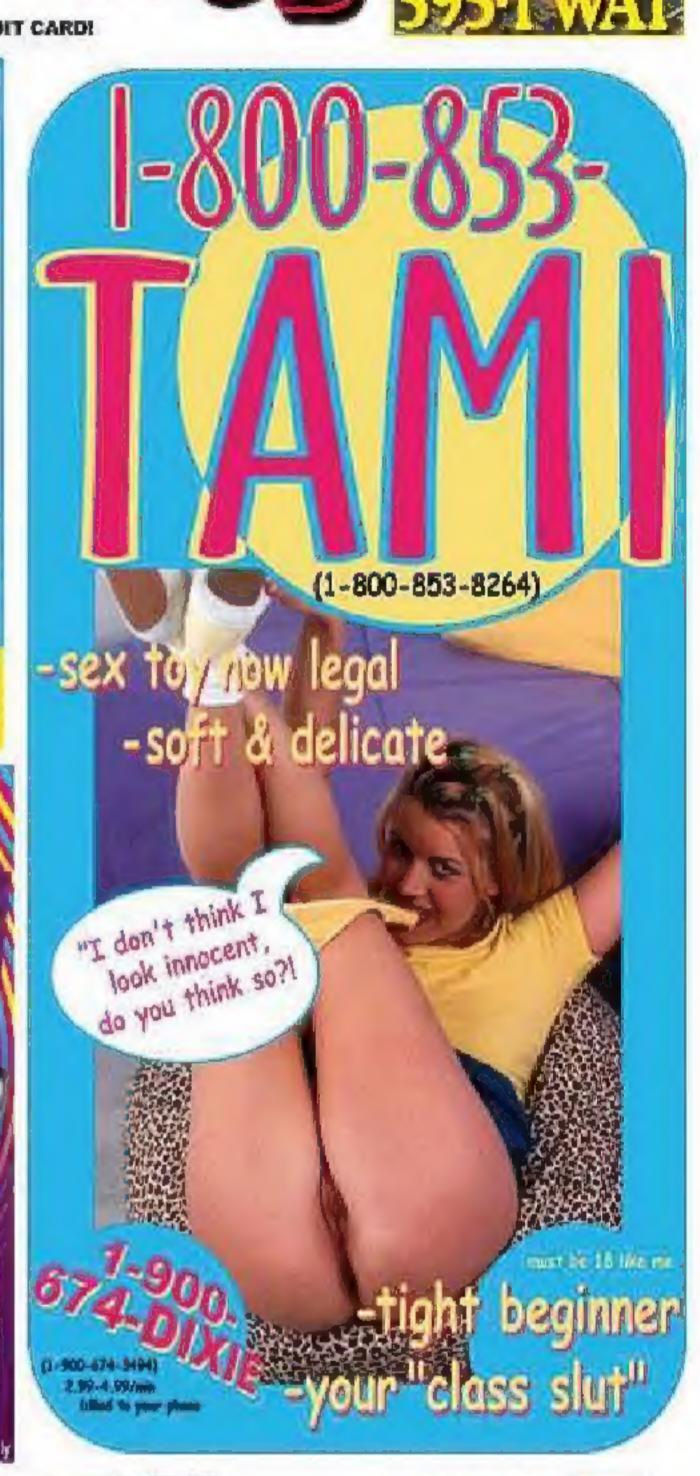


















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